

# True-Born Englishman

# S A T Y R

*Statuimus Pacem, & Securitatem, & Concordiam Judicium & Justitiam inter Anglos & Normannos, Francos & Britones, Walliae, & Cornubiae, Pictos & Scotos, Albanie, similiter inter Francos & Insulanos Provincias, & Patrias, quae pertin ad Coranam nostram, & inter omnes nobis Subiectos, firmiter & inviolabiliter servari.*

Charter Regis Willielmi Conquisitoris de Pacis Publica, Cap. i.

Note, This is Printed Word for Word from the Shilling Book.

## The PREFACE.

THE End of Satyr is Reformation: And the Author, tho he doubts the Work of Conversion is at a general Stop, has put his Hand to the Plow.—I expect a Storm of ill Language from the Fury of the Town, and especially from those whole English Talent it is to Rain. And without being taken for a Conjurer, I may venture to foretell, That I shall be Cavil'd at about Mean Stile, Rough Verse, and Incorrect Language; Things I might indeed have taken more Care But the Book is Printed; and tho I see some Faults, 'tis too late to mend them. And this is all I think needful to say to them.—Possibly somsb<sup>y</sup> may take me for a Dutchman; in which they they: mistaken: But I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to Strange & to Governors also; that one might not be reproach'd in Foreign Countries for belonging to a Nation that wants Manners.—I assure you, Gentlemen, Strangers use us better abroad; and we can give reason but our ill Nature for the contrary here.—Methinks an Englishman, who is so proud of being call'd *A Goodfellow*, shou'd be civil: And it cannot be denied but we are in many Cases, and particularly to Strangers, the Churlishest People alive.—As to Vices, who can dispute our Intemperance whilst an Honest Drunken Fellow is a Character in a man's Praise? All our Reformations are Bante and will be so, till our Magistrates and Gentry Reform themselves by way of Example; then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without Blushing.—As to our Ingratitude, I desire to be understood of that particular People, who pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties and Religion of this Nation into the Hands of King James at his Popish Powers: Together with such who enjoy the Peace and Protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profess their Unkindness unto him: These, by whatsoever Names or Titles they are dignified or distinguish'd, are the People I aim at: Nor do I disown, but that it is so much the Temper of an Englishman to abuse his Benefactor that I could be glad to see it rectified.—They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in exposing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themselves, may among many honest Instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. Cowley, in his Imitation of the second Olympick Ode of Pindar.

*His Words are these;*

*But in this Thankless World, the Givers  
Are envy'd even by th' Receivers:  
'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion,  
Rather to bide than pay an Obligation.*

*Nay, 'tis much worse than so;  
It now an Artifice donk grow,  
Wrongs and Outrages to do,  
Left men should think we owe:*

## The Introduction.

**S**peak, *Satyr*; for there's none can tell like thee,  
Whether 'tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery,  
That makes this discontented Land appear  
Less happy now in Times of Peace, than War:  
Why Civil Feuds disturb the Nation more  
Than all our Bloody Wars have done before.

Fools out of Favour grudge at Knaves in Place,  
*And men are always honest in Disgrace:*  
The Court-Preferments make men Knaves in course:  
But they which wou'd be in them wou'd be worse.  
'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,  
Wou'd Foreigners their Perquisities resign:  
The Grand Contention's plainly to be seen,  
To get some men put out, and some put in.  
For this our S—rs make long Harangues,  
And florid M—rs whet their polish'd Tongues.  
*Statesmen are always sick of one Disease;*  
*And a good Pension gives them present Ease.*

That's the Specifick makes them all content

With any King, and any Government.

Good Patriots at Court-Abuses rail,  
And all the Nation's Grievances bewail:  
But when the Sov'reign Balsam's once apply'd,  
The Zealot never fails to change his Side.  
And when he must the Golden Key resign,  
The Railing Spirit comes about again.

*Who shall ibis Bubbl'd Nation disabuse,*  
While they their own Felicities refuse?  
Who at the Wars have made such mighty Pother,  
And now are falling out with one another:  
With needless Fears the Jealous Nation fill,  
*And always have been sav'd against their Will:*  
Who Fifty Millions Sterling have disburs'd,  
To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd.  
Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,  
And yet uneasily obey the New.  
Search, *Satyr*, search, a deep Incision make;  
The Boyson's strong, the Antidore's too weak.  
'Tis pointed Truth must manage this Dispute,  
And down-right English *Englishmen* confute.

Whet thy just Anger at the Nation's Pride;  
And with keen Phrase repel the Vicious Tide.  
To *Englishmen* their own beginnings show,  
*And ask them why they slight hteir Neighbours so.*  
Go back to Elder Times, and Ages past,  
And Nations into long Oblivion cast;  
To Old Britannia's Youthful Days retire,  
And there for *True-Born Englishmen* enquire.  
Britannia freely will disown the Name,  
And hardly knows her self from whence they came:  
Wonders that They of all men shou'd pretend  
To Birth and Blood, and for a Name contend.



Go back to Caues where our Folkes dwell,  
And fetch the dark Original from Hell.  
Speak, Saty, for there's none like thee can tell.

The True-Born Englishman. Part I.

\*WHerever God erects a Houle of Prayer,  
The Devil always builds a Chappel there:

And 'twill be found upon Examination,  
The latter has the largest Congregation ;  
For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind,  
He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind.

An English Proverb  
where God has a  
Church, the Devil  
has a Chappel.

With Uniformity of Service, he  
Reigns with a general Aristocracy.

No Nonforming Sects disturb his Reign,  
For of his Yoak there's very few complain.

He knows the Genius and the Inclination,  
And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.

He needs no Standing-Army Government ;  
He always rules us by our own Consent :

His Laws are easy, and his gentle Sway  
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.

The List of his Vicegerents and Commanders,  
Outdoes your Cæsars, or your Alexanders.

They never fail of his Infernal Aid,

And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.

Through all the World they spread his vast Command,  
And Death's Eternal Empire's maintain'd.

They rule so politickly and so well,

As if they were L — J — of Hell.

Duly divided to debauch Mankind,

And plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind.

Pride, the First Peer, and President of Hell,  
To his share Spain, the largest Province, fell.

The subtle Prince thought fittest to bestow

On these the Golden Mines of Mexico,

With all the Silver Mountains of Peru,

Wealth which would in wise bands the World undo:

Because he knew their Genius was such ;

Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich.

So proud a People, so above their Fate,

That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State,

Lavish of Money, to be counted Brave,

And Proudly starve, because they scorn to save.

Never was Nation in the World before,

So very Rich, and yet so very Poor.

Lust chose the Torrid Zone of Italy,

Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy ;

Where swelling Veins o'reflow with living Streams,

With Heat impregnate from Vesuvian Flames ;

Whose flowing Sulphur form's Infernal Lakes,

And human Body of the Soil partakes,

P A R T I.

There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,  
Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires; C  
Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,  
Th' Infernal King reigns with Infernal Guile.

Drunk'ns, the Darling Favourite of Hell,  
Chose Germany to rule; and rules so well,  
No Subjects more obsequiously obey,  
None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they.  
The running Artificer manages so well,  
He lets them Bow to Heav'n, and Drink to Hell.  
If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,  
He cares not to what Deity they Pray,  
What God they Worship most, or in what way,  
Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*,  
They sail for Heav'n, by Wine he steers them home.

Ungovern'd Passion settled first in *France*,  
Where Mankind lives in haste, and thrives by Chance,  
A Dancing Nation, Fickle and Untrue;  
Have oft undone themselves, and others too;  
Prompt the Infernal Dictates to obey,  
And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.

The *Pagan* World he blindly leads away,  
And Personally rules with Arbitrary Sway;  
The Mask thrown off, *Plain Devil* his Title stands;  
And what elsewhere he Tempts, he there Commands,  
There with full Gust th' Ambition of his Mind  
Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd.  
Worshipp'd as God, his *Painim* Altars smoke,  
Embr'u'd with Blood of those that him Invoke.

There rest by D'puties he rules as well,  
And plants the distant Colonies of Hell,  
By them his secret Power he maintains,  
*And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.*

By Zeal the *Irish*; and the *Rusb* by Folly;  
Fury the *Dane*; The *Swede* by Melancholly;  
By stupid Ignorance, the *Muscovete*;  
The *Chinese* by a Child of Hell, call'd Wit;  
Wealth makes the *Persian* too Effeminate;  
And Poverty the *Tartars* Desperate;  
The *Turks* and *Moors* by *Mab'aret* he subdues;  
*And God has giv'n him leave to rule th'* Jews;  
Age rules the *Portuguese*; and Fraud the *Scotch*;  
Revenge the *Pole*; and Avarice the *Dutch*.

Satyr be kind, and draw a silent Veil,  
Thy Native Engiand's Vices to conceal;  
Or if that Task's impossible to do,  
At least be just, and show her Virtues too;  
Too Great the first, Alas! the last too Few.

*England* unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;  
Happy, had she remain'd so to this day,  
And not to ev'ry Nation been a Prey.

Her Open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,  
The Merchants Glory these, and those, the Swains,  
To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,  
Who conquer her as oft as they invade her.  
So Beauty guarded but by Innocence,

That ruins her which should be her Defence.

Ingratitude, a Devil of Black Renown,  
Possest her very early for his own.  
An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,  
Who Satan's worst Perfections does inherit;  
Second to him in Malice and in Force,

All Devil without, and all within him Worse.

He made her First-born Race to be so rude,  
And suffer'd her to be so oft subdued;  
By sever'l Crowds of Wandring Thieves o're-run,  
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.  
While ev'ry Nation that her Pow'rs reduc'd.  
Their Language is and Manners Introduc'd  
From whose mixt Relicks our compounded Breed,  
By Spurious Generation does succeed;  
Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,  
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.

The Romans first with Julius C'sar came,  
Including all the Nations of that Name,  
Gauls, Greeks and Lombards; and by Computation,  
Auxiliaries or Slaves of ev'ry Nation,  
With Hengist, Saxons; Danes with Sueno came,  
In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame.  
Scots, Picts, and Irish from th' Hibernian Shore,  
And Conqu'ring William brought the Normans o'er.

All these their Barb'rous Offspring left behind,  
The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind;  
Blended with Britains who before were here,  
Of whom the Welsh ha' blest the Character.

From this Amphibious ill-born Mob began  
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.  
The Customs, Surnames, Languages, and Manners,  
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers:  
Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,  
They ha' left a Shibboleth upon our Tongue;  
By which with easy search you may distinguish  
Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.

The great Invading \* Norman let us know  
What Conquerors in After-Times might do.  
To ev'ry \* Musqueteer he brought to Town,  
He gave the Lands which never were his own.  
When first the English Crown he did obtain,  
He did not send his Dutchmen home again.  
No Reassumptions in his Reign were known,  
D'evenane might there ha' let his Book alone.  
No Parliament his Army cou'd disband;  
He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land.  
He gave his Legions their Eternal Station,

\*Wm the

Cong.

\*Or Archer.

And

And made them all Freeholders of the Nation,  
He can't out the Country to his Men,  
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.  
The Rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them Lords,  
To please their Upstart Pride with new-made Words ;  
And Doomsday-Book his Tyranny records.

And here begins the Ancient Pedigree  
That so exalts our Poor Nobility ;  
'Tis that from some French Trooper they derive,  
Who with the Norman Bastard did arrive,  
The Trophies of the Families appear ;  
Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Sphear,  
Which their Great Ancestor, forsooth, did wear.  
These in the Heralds Register remain,  
Their Noble Mean Extraction to explain.  
Yet who the Hero was, no Man can tell,  
Whether a Drummer or a Colonel ;  
The silent Record blushes to reveal  
Their Undescended Dark Original.

But grant the best, How came the Change to pass ;  
**A True-Born Englishman** of Norman Race ?

**A Turkish Horse** can show more History,

To prove his well-descended Family.

Conquest, as by the \* Moderns tis express,

\* Dr. Sherl.  
De Facto.

May give a Title to the Land's posselt ;

But that the Longest Sword shou'd be so Civil,

To make a Frenchman English, that's the Devil.

These ate the Heroes that despise the Hatch,

And rail at new-come Foreigners so much ;

Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd

From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd.

A horrid Medly of Thieves and Drones,

Who ransack'd Kingdoms, and dispeopled Towns,

The Pict and Painted Britain, Treach'rous Stor,

By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought.

Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneer ing Danes,

Whose Red-hair'd Offspring ev'ry where remains.

Who join'd with Norman-French, compound the Breed

From whence your True-Born Englishmen proceed.

And left by Length of Time it be pretended,

The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended,

Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,

Mixes us daily with exceeding Care ;

We have been Europe's Sink, the Jakes where she

Voids all her Offal Out-cast Progeny.

From our Fifth Henry's time, the Strolling Bands,

Of banish'd Fugitives from Neighb'ring Lands,

Have here a certain Sanctuary found ;

The Eternal Refuge of the Vagabond.

Waere in but half a common Age of Time,

Borr'wing new Blood and Manners from the Clime,

Prouilly they learn all mankind to contemn,

And all their Race are True-Born Englishmen.

Durc,

### The True-Born Englishman.

Dutch, Walloons, Flemings, Irishmen, and Scott,  
✓ audiois and Valdolins, and Hugonots,  
In good Queen Bess's Charitable Reign,  
Supply'd us with Three hundred thousand Men.  
Religion, God we thank thee, sent them hither,  
Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together:  
Of all Professions, and of ev'ry Trade,  
All that were persecuted or afraid  
Whether for Debt or other Crimes they fled,  
*David at Hackelab* was still their Head.

The Off spring of this Miscellaneous Crowd,  
Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd,  
But they grew Englishmen, and rais'd their Votes  
At Foreign Shoals of *Interloping Scots*,  
The \* Royal Branch from *Pitcairn* did succeed,  
With Troops of *Scots* and *Scabs* from *North-by-Tweed*.  
The Seven first Years of his Pacifick Reign,  
Made him and half his Nation Englishmen.  
*Scots* from the Northen Frozen Banks of *Tay*,  
With Packs and Plods came Whigging all away:  
Thick as the Locusts which in *Egypt* swarm'd,  
With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd:  
With Native Truth, Diseases, and no Money,  
Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey.  
Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,  
And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,  
Which always use to make the Nation thrive,  
Made way for all that strolling Congregation,  
Which throng'd in Pious *Charles's* Restoration.  
The Royal Refugee our Breed restore,  
With Foreign Courtiers, and with Foreign Whores:  
And carefully repeopled us again,  
Throughout his Lazy, Long, Lascivious Reign,  
With such a blest and True-born English Fry,  
As much illustrates our Nobility.  
A Gratitude which will so black appear,  
As future Ages must abhor to hear:  
When they look back on all that Crimson Flood,  
Which stream'd in *Lindsey's* and *Caernarvon's* Blood:  
Bold *Strafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Lisle*,  
Who crown'd in Death his Father's Funeral Pile.  
The Loss of whom, in order to supply  
With True-Born English Nobility,  
Six Bastard Dukes survive his Luscious Reign,  
The Labours of *Italian* C——n,  
*French P——b*, *Tabby S——t*, and *Cambrian*.  
Besides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng,  
Whose Females Glories shade them from my Song.

This Offspring, if one Age they multiply,  
May half the House with English Peers supply:

There

There with true English Pride they may content  
S—g and P—d, new-made Noblemen.

French Cooks, Scotch Pedlars, and Italian Whores,  
Were all made Lords, or Lords Progenitors.  
Beggars and Bastards by his new Creation,  
Much multiply'd the Peerage of the Nation ;  
Who will be all, e're one short Age runs o're,  
As True-Born Lords as those we had before.

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,  
And heat the latent Breaches of the Wars ;  
The Pious Purpose better to advance,  
H' invites the banish'd Protestants of France ;  
Hither for God's sake and their own they fled,  
Some for Religion came, and some for Bread ;  
Two Hundred thousand Pair of Wooden Shoes,  
Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to lose ;  
To Heav'n's great Praise did for Religion fly,  
To make us starve our Poor in Charity.  
In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,  
To get a Race of True-Born Englishmen ;  
Whose Children will, When riper Years they see,  
Be as Ill-natur'd and as Prond as we ;  
Call themselves English, Foreigners despise,  
Be surly like us all, and just as wise.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began,  
That Het'rogenous Thing, *An Englishman* ;  
In eager Rapes, and furious Lust begot,  
Betwixt a Painted Britan and a Scot ;  
Whose gend'ring Offspring quickly learnt to bow,  
And yoke their Heifers to the Roman Plough ;  
From whence a Mongrel half-bred Race there came,  
With neither Name nor Nation, Speech or Fame.  
In whose hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,  
Infus'd betwixt a Saxon and a Dane.  
While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents just,  
Received all Nations with Promiscuous Lust.  
This Nauseous Brood directly did contain  
The well-extracted Blood of Englishmen.

Which Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,  
A Rhapsody of Nations to supply,  
Among themselves maintain'd eternal Wars,  
And still the Ladies lov'd the Conquerors.

The Western Angles all the rest subdn'd ?  
A boody Nation, barbarous and rude :  
Who by the Tenure of the Sword possest  
One part of Britain, and subdu'd the rest.  
And as great things denominate the small,  
The Conqu'ring Part gave Title to the Whole.  
The Scot, Pict, Britain, Roman, Dane submit,  
And with the English Saxon all unite :  
And these the Mixture have so close pursu'd,  
The very Name and Memory's subdn'd.

No Roman now, no Britain does remain,  
Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain;  
The silent Nations undistinguish'd fall,  
And Englishman's the common Name for all.  
Fate jumbl'd them together, God knows how;  
Whate'er they were, they're True-Born English now.

The Wonder which remains is all our Pride,  
To value that which all wise men deride.  
For Englishman to boast of Generation,  
Cancels their Knowledge, and lampoons the Nation;  
A True-Born Englishman's a Contradiction,  
In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction.  
A Banter made to be a Test of Fools,  
Which those that use it justly ridicules.  
A Metaphor invented to express  
A man ~~a~~-kin to all the Universe.

For as the Scots, as Learned Men ha' said,  
Throughout the World their Wandring Seed ha' spread.  
So open-handed England, 'tis believ'd,  
Has all the Gleanings of the World receiv'd.

Some think of England 'twas our Saviour meant,  
The Gospel should to all the World be sent:  
Since when the blessed Sound did hither reach,  
They to all Nations might be said to Preach.

Tis well that Virtue gives Nobility,  
Else God knows where we had our Gentry;  
Since scarce one Family is left alive,  
Which does not from some Foreigner derive.  
Of Sixty thousand English Gentlemen,  
Whose Names and Arms in Registers remain,  
We challenge all our Heralds to declare  
Ten Families which English-Saxons are.

France justly boasts the Ancient Noble Line  
Of Bourbon, Mommorency, and Lorrain.  
The Germans too their House of Austria show,  
And Holland their Invincible Nassau.  
Lines which in Heraldry were Ancient grown,  
Before the Name of Englishman was known.  
Even Scotland too her Elder Glory shows,  
Her Gourdons, Hamiltons, and her Monroes;  
Dowglas, Mackays, and Grahams, Names well known,  
Long before Ancient England knew her own.

But England, Modern to the last degree,  
Borrows or makes her own Nobility,  
And yet she boldly boasts of Pedigree:  
Repines that Foreigners are put upon her,  
And talks of her Antiquity and Honour:  
Her S---lls, S---ls, C---ls, De---M---ts,  
M---ns and M---ues, D---s and V---rs,  
Not one have English Names; yet all are English Peers.

Your H—ns, P—lions, and L—liers,  
Pals now for True-Born Knights and Squires,  
And made good Senate-Members, or Lord-Mayors.  
Wealth, howsoever got, in England makes  
Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes.  
Antiquity and Birth are needless here ;  
'Tis Impudence and Money makes a P—r.  
Innumerable City-Knights we know,  
From Blew-Coat Hospitals and Bridewell flow.

Draymen and Porters fill the City Chair,  
And Footboys Magisterial Purple wear.  
Fate has but very small Distinction set  
Betwixt the Counter and the Coronet.  
Tarpaulin Lords, Pages of high Renown,  
Rise up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own.  
Great Families of yesterday we show,  
And Lords, whose Parents were the Lord k—

## PART II.

**T**HE Breed's describ'd : Now, Satyr, if you can,  
Their Temper show, for Manners make the Man.  
Fierce as the Britain, as the Roman Brave ;  
And less inclin'd to Conquer than to Save :  
Eager to fight, and lavish of their Blood :  
And equally of Fear and Forecast void.

The Pict has made 'em Sowre, the Dane Morose ;  
False from the Scot, and from the Norman worse.  
What Honesty they have, the Saxon gave them,  
And That, now they grow old, begins to leave them.  
The Climate makes them Terrible and Bold ;  
And English Beef their Courage does uphold :  
No Danger can their Daring Spirit pall,  
Always provided that their Belly's full.

In close Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,  
For gen'rally whate'er they know, they speak :  
And often their own Councils undermine  
By their Infirmitie, and not design.  
From whence the Learned say it does proceed,  
That English Treasons never can succeed :  
For they're so open-hearted, you may know  
Their own most secret Thoughts, and others too.

The Lab'ring Poor, in spight of Double Pay,  
Are Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggarly :  
So lavish of their Money and their Time,  
That want of Forecast is the Nation's Crime.  
Good Drunken Company is their Delight ;  
And what they get by Day, they spend by Night.  
Dull Thinking seldom does their Heads engage,  
But Drink their Youth away, and hurry on Old Age  
Empty of good Husbandry and Sense ;  
And void of Manners most, when void of Pence.  
Their strong Aversion to Behaviour's such,  
They always talk too little, or too much.  
So dull, they never take the pains to think ;  
And seldom are good-natur'd, but in Drink.

In English Ale their dear Enjoyment lies,  
For which they'll starve themselves and Families.  
An Englishman will fairly drink as much  
As will maintain Two Families of Dutch :  
Subjecting all their Labours to the Pots ;  
The greatest Artists are the greatest Sots.

The Country Poor do by Example live ;  
The Gentry Lead them, and the Clergy drive :  
What may we not from such Examples hope ?  
The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope.  
A Drunken Clergy, and a Swearing Bench,  
Has giv'n the Reformation such a Drench,  
As wile men think there is some cause to doubt,  
Will purge Good Manners and Religion out.

Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,  
The Sages join in this great Sacrifice.  
The Learned Men who study Aristotle,  
Correct him with an Explanation-Bottle ;  
Praise Epicurus rather than Lysander,

And Arisippus more than Alexander.  
The Doctors too their Galen here resign,  
And gen'rally prescribe Specifick Wine.  
The Graduates Study's grown an easier Task,  
While for the Urinal they tol's the Flask.  
The Surgeons Art grows plainer ev'ry Hour,  
And Wine's the Balm which into Wounds they  
Poets long since Parnassus have forsaken,  
And say the Ancient Bards were all mistaken  
Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,  
And good King Bacchus reigneth in his stead :  
He does the Chaos of the Head refine,  
And Atom:-Thoughts jump into Words by Win.  
The Inspiration's of a finer Nature ;  
As Wine must needs excel Parnassus water.  
Statesmen their weighty Politicks refine,  
And Soldiers raise their Courages by VVine.  
Cecilia gives her Choristers their Choice,  
And lets them all drink VVine to clear the V

Some think the Clergy first found out the V  
And Wine's the only Spirit by whicb they Pra  
But others less propane than so, agree,  
It clears the Lungs, and helps the Memory :  
And therefore all of them Divinely think,  
Instead of Study, 'tis as well to arink.

And here I wou'd be very glad to know,  
Whetker our Asgilites may drink or no.  
Th' Enlight'ning Fumes of Wine would certan  
Affit them much when they begin to fly :  
Or if a Fiery Chariot shou'd appear,  
Inflam'd by Wine, they'd ba' the less to fear.

Even the gods themselves, as Mortals say,  
Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they  
Nectar would be no more Celestial Drink,  
They'd all take Wine, to teach them how to Thi  
But English Drunkards, gods and men outdo,  
Drink their Estates away, and Senses too.

Colon's in Debt, and if his Friends should fa  
To help him out, and dye at last in Gaol :  
His Wealthy Uncle sent a Hundred Nobles,  
To pay his Trifles off, and rid him of his Trou  
But Colon, like a True-Born Englishman,  
Drank all the Money out in bright Champaign

And Colon does in Custody remain.

Drunk'ness has been the Darkling of the Realm

E'er since a Drunken Pilot bad the Helm.

In their Religion they are so unev'n,  
That each man goes his own By-way to Heave'  
Tenacious of Mistakes to that degree,  
That ev'ry man pursues it sep'rately,  
And fancies none can find the way but he :  
So shy of one another they are grown,  
As if they strove to get to Heav'n alone.  
Rigid and Zealous, Positive and Grave,  
And ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have :

## The True-Born Englishman.

makes them so ill-natur'd and Uncivil,  
that all men think an Englishman the Devil.  
Surly to Strangers, Forward to their Friend,  
smit to Love with a reluctant Mind;  
Solv'd to be ungrateful and unkind.  
by Necessity reduc'd to ask,  
Giver has the difficult Task :  
what's bestow'd they awkwardly receive,  
and always take less freely than they Give.  
Obligation is their biggest Grief ;  
and never love, where they accept Relief.  
Full in their Sorrows, that 'tis known,  
they'll rather dye than their Afflictions own :  
if relief'd, it is too often true,  
that they'll abuse their Benefactors too :  
in Distress their Haughty Stomack's stuck,  
they hate to see themselves oblig'd too much.  
dom contented, often in the wrong ;  
hard to be pleas'd at all, and never long.  
If your Mistakes their Ill Opinion gain,  
Merit can their Favour re obtain :  
and if they're not Vindictive in their Fury,  
their unconstant Temper does secure ye :  
their Brain's so cool, their Passion seldom burns ;  
all's condens'd before the Flame returns :  
Fermentation's of so weak a Matter,  
Humid damps the Flame, & runs it off to Water.  
so the Inclination may be strong,  
you're pleas'd by Fits, and never angry long.  
ben if Good Nature shows some slender proof,  
you never think they have Reward enough :  
like our Modern Quakers of the Town,  
respect your Manners, and return you none.  
Friendship, the abstracted Union of the Mind,  
which all men seek, but very few can find :  
all the Nations in the Universe,  
we talk on't more, or understand it less :  
if it does their Property annoy,  
their Property their Friendship will destroy.  
As you discou're them, you shall hear them tell  
things in which they think they do excell :  
Panegyrick needs their Praise record :  
Englishman ne'er wants his own good word,  
first Discourses gen'rally appear  
ologu'd with his own wondrous Character :  
then, to illustrate his own good Name,  
never fails his Neighbour to defame :  
and yet he really deigns no wrong ;  
Malice goes no further than his Tongue.  
t pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to Rail,  
satisfy the Lech'ry of a Tale.  
own dear Praises close the ample Speech,  
tells you how Wise he is ; that is, how Rich :  
for Wealth is Wisdom ; he that's Rich is Wise ;  
and all men Learned Poverty despise.  
Generosity comes next, and then  
includes that he's a True-Born Englishman ;  
and they, 'tis known, are Generous and Free,  
forgetting, and Forgiving Injury :  
which may be true, thus rightly understood,  
Forgiving ill Turns, and Forgetting Good.  
earnful in Labour when they've undertook it ;  
out of Humour, when they're out of Pocket.  
at if their Belly and their Pocket's full,  
they may be Phlegmataick, but never Dull :  
and if a Bottle does their Brains refine,

## PART II.

It makes their Wit as sparkling as their Wine.  
As for their general Vices which we find  
They're guilty of in common with Mankind,  
Satyr, forbear, and silently endure ;  
We must conceal the Crimes we cannot cure.  
Nor shall my Verse the brighter Sex defame ;  
For English Beauty will preserve her Name.  
Beyond dispute, Agreeable and Fair ;  
And Modelter than other Nations are :  
For where the Vice prevails, the great Temptation  
Is want of Money, more than Inclination,  
In general, this only is allow'd,  
They're something Noisy, and a little Proud.

An Englishman is gentlest in Command ;  
Obedience is a Stranger in the Land :  
Hardly subjected to the Magistrate ;  
For Englishmen do all subjection hate.  
Humblest when Rich, but peevish when they're Poor  
And think whate'er they have, they merit more.  
Shamwhig pretends 't ha' serv'd the Government,  
But balkt of due Reward, turns Malecontent.  
For English Christians always have regard  
To future Recompences of Reward.  
His forfeit Liberty they did restore,  
And gave him Bread, which he had not before.  
But True-Born English Shamwhig lets them know,  
His Merit must not lie neglected so.  
As Proud as Poor, his Masters he'll defy ;  
And writes a Pictous, Satyr upon Honesty.  
Some think the Poem had been pretty good,  
If he the Subject had but understood.  
He got Five hundred Pence by this, and more,  
As sure as he had ne'er a Groat before.

In Bus'nel's next some Friends of his employ  
(him)  
And there he prov'd that Fame had not hel'd him  
His Benefactors quickly he abused,  
And failly to the Government accus'd :  
But they, defended by their Innocence,  
Ruin'd the Traytor in their own Defence.

Thus kick'd about from Pillars unto Posts,  
He whets his Pen against the Lord of Hosts :  
Burlesques his God and King in Paltry Rhimes :  
Against the Dutch turns Champion for the Times  
And huffs the King, upon that very score,  
On which he Panegyrick't him before.

Unhappy England hast thou none but such,  
To plead thy Scoundrel Cause against the Dutch  
This moves their Scorn, and not their Indignation  
He that Lampoons the Dutch, Burlesques the Nation

The meanest English Plowman studies Law,  
And keeps thereby the Magistrates in Awe :  
Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,  
And sometimes punish their Omissions too.

Their Liberty and Property's so dear,  
They scorn their Laws or Governors to bear :  
So bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,  
They can't submit to their own Liberty.  
Restraint from ill is Freedom to the Wife ;  
But Englishmen do all Restraint despite,  
Slaves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,  
The Mob are Statesmen, and their Statesmen Sots

Their Governors they count such dangerous  
(things)  
That 'tis their custom to affront their Kings :

So jealous of the Power their Kings posseſſ'd,  
They ſuffer neither Power nor Kings to reſt.  
The Bad with conſtant Clamours they purſue ;  
The Good with Force they eagerly ſubdue ;  
And did King Jesus reign, they'd murmur too.  
A diſcontented Nation, and by far  
Harder to rule in Times of Peace than War :  
Eaſily ſet together by the Ears,  
And full of cauſeless Jealousies and Fears :  
Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,  
And never are conteuted when they're well.  
No Government cou'd ever pleafe them long,  
Cou'd tye their Hands, or rectify their Tongue.  
In this to Ancient Israel well compar'd,  
Eternal Murmurs are among them heard.

It was but lately that they were oppreſſt,  
Their Rights invaded, and their Laws ſuppreſt :  
When nicely tender of their Liberty,  
Lord ! what a Noiſe they may of Slavery.  
In daily Tumults show'd their Diſcontent ;  
Lampoon'd their King, mock'd his Government,  
And if in Arms they did not firſt appear,  
'Twas want of Force, and not for want of Fear.  
In humbler Tone than English uſ'd to do,  
At Foreign Hands for Foreign Aid they lie.

William the Great Succellor of Nofſau,  
Thei'r Prayers beard, and thei'r Oppreſſions ſaw :  
He ſaw and ſav'd them : God and Him they prais'd ;  
To This their Tanks, to That their Trophies rais'd.  
But gluttied with their own Felicities,  
They ſoon their New Deliverer diſpife ;  
Say all thei'r Prayers back, their Joy diſown,  
Unſing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down :  
Thei'r Harps of Praise are on the Willowes bung ;  
For Englishmen are ne're contented long.

The Rev'rend Clergy too ! and who'd ba' thought it  
That they who bad juſt Non-Resistance taught,  
Should e're to Arms againſt their Prince be brought ?  
Who up to Heav'n did Regal Pow'r advance ;  
Subiecting English Laws to Modes of France.  
Twiſting Religion ſo with Loyalty,  
As one cou'd never live, and t'other dye.  
And yet no ſooner did thei'r Prince design  
Thei'r Glebes and Perquifties to undermine ;  
But all their Paſſive Doctrines laid aside ;  
The Clergy their own Principles deny'd :  
Unpreach'd their Non-Resiſting Cant, and pray'd  
To Heav'n for Help, and to the Dutch for Aid.  
The Church claim'd all ber Doctrines back again,  
And Pulpit-Champions did the Caufe maintain ;  
Flew in the face of all their former Zeal,  
And Non-Resistance did at once appeal.

The Rabbies ſay it would be too prolix,  
To tie Religion up to Politicks :  
The Church's Safety is Suprema Lex.  
And ſo by a new Figure of their own,  
Do all their former Doctrines diſown.  
As Laws Force Facto in the Parliament,  
In urgent Cases have obtain'd Aſſent ;  
But are as dangerous Presidents laid by ;  
Made lawful only by Necſſity.

The Rev'rend Fathers then in Arms appear,  
And Men of God became the Men of War.  
The Nation, fir'd by them, to Arms apply ;  
Assault their Anti-chriſtian Monarchy ;  
To their due Channel all our Laws r'ſtore,

And made things what they ſhou'd ha' been beſt  
But when they came to Fill the Vacant Throne  
And the pale Priests look'd back on what they'd  
How English Liberty began to thrive,  
And Churcb-of-England Loyalty out-live :  
How all thei'r Perjuring Days were done,  
And thei'r Deliv're plac'd upon the Throne :  
The Priests, as Papists are wont to do, turn  
They're Englishmen, and Nature will prevail  
Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made,  
And Muner for the Maſter they Betray'd.  
Excuse thoſe Crimes they cou'd not make him  
And ſuffer for the Caufe they can't defend.  
Pretend they'd not ba' carry'd things ſo big  
And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.

Had the Prince done as they design'd the th  
Ha' ſet the Clergy up to rule the King ;  
Taken a Donative for coming hither,  
And ſo ba' left their King and them together  
We bad, ſay they, been now a happy Nation.  
No doubt we had ſeen a Bleſſed Reformation :  
For Wiſe Men ſay 'tis as dangerous thing,  
A Ruling Priſthood, as a Priſt-rid King.  
And of all Plagues with whiſh Mankind are  
Eccleſiſtick Tyranny's the worſt.

If all our former Grievances were feign'd  
King James haſ been abuſ'd, and we trepan  
Bugbear'd with Popery and Power Deſpotick  
Tyrannick Government, and Leagues Exotick  
The Revolution's a Phannatick Plot,  
W—— a Tyrant, S—— a Sot :  
A Factious Army and a Poys'on'd Nation,  
Unjuſtly forc'd King James's Abdication.

But if he did the Subjects Rights invade,  
Then he was puniſh'd only, not betray'd :  
And punishing of Kings is no ſuch Crime,  
But Englishmen ba' done it many a time.

When Kings the Sword of Justice firſt lay  
They are no Kings, though they poſſeſſ the C  
Tiſes are Shadows, Crowns are emp'ry things,  
The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings ;  
To guide in War, and to protec't in Peace :  
Where Tyrants once commence, the Kings do  
For Arbitrary Pow'r ſo ſtrange a thing,  
It makes the Tyrant, and unmakes the King.  
If Kings by Foreign Priests and Armies reign,  
And lawleſs Pow'r againſt their Oaths mainta  
Then Subjects will haue reaſon to complain.  
If Oaths muſt bind us when our Kings do ill,  
To call in Foreign Aid is to rebel.

By force to circumſcribe our Lawful Prince,  
Is wiſful Treafon in the laſteſt Sense :  
And they who once rebel, m'ſt certain'y  
Thei'r God, and King, and former Oaths defy.  
If we allow no Male-Administration  
Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation ;  
Let all our Learned Sons of Levity,  
Tois Eccles'ſtik Ridale to unity :  
How they could make a Step to Call the Prince  
And yet petend to Oaths and Innocence.

By t' first Addreſſ they made beyond the  
They're perjur'd in the moſt intense Degrees ;  
And without ſcruple for the time to come,  
May ſwear to all the Kings in Chriſtendom.  
And truly did our Kings conſider all,  
They'd never let the Clergy ſwear at all :

## The True-Born Englishman.

been by their Politick Allegiance they'd refuse ;  
Throne or Whores and Priests do never want excuse.  
But if the Mutual Contract was dissolv'd,  
The Doubt's explain'd, the Difficulty solv'd :  
That Kings, when they descend to Tyranny,  
Resolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free.  
The Govern't's ungirt when Justice dies,  
And Constitutions are Non-Entities.  
The Nation's all a Mob, there's no such thing  
As Lords or Commons, Parliament or King.  
A great promiscuous Crowd the Hydras lies,  
All Laws rev're, and mutual Contract ties :  
Chaos free to chuse for their own share,  
What Case of Government they please to wear :  
To a King they do the Reins commit,  
All Men are bound in Conscience to submit :  
But then that King must by his Oath assent  
Postulata's of the Government ;  
Which if he breaks, he cuts off the Entail,  
And Power retreats to its Original.  
This Doctrine has the Sanction of Assent,  
From Nature's Universal Parliament.  
The Voice of Nations, and the Course of Things,  
Show that Laws superior are to Kings.  
None but Delinquents would have Justice cease,  
Leaves rail at Laws, as Soldiers rail at Peace :  
Justice is the End of Government,  
Reason is the Test of Argument.  
No Man was ever yet so void of Sense,  
To debate the Right of Self-Defence ;  
Principle so grafted in the Mind,  
With Nature born, and does like Nature bind :  
Lived with Reason, and with Nature too ;  
Neither one nor the other can undo.  
Nor can this Right be less when National ;  
Than which governs one, should govern all.  
Late'er the Dialect of Courts may tell,  
That his Right demands, can ne'er rebel.  
Rich Right, if 'tis by Governors deny'd,  
May be procur'd by Force, or Foreign Aid..  
Tyranny's a Nation's Term for Grief ;  
Folks cry Fire, to hasten in Relief.  
When the hated word is heard about,  
Men shou'd come to help the People out.  
Thus England groan'd, Britannia's Voice was heard  
Great-Nathus to rescue her appear'd :  
By the Universal Voice of Fate ;  
And the People's Legal Magistrate.  
Heav'ns regard ! Almighty Jove took down,  
A view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne.  
Their Ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,  
To fought his Aid, and then his part forsak'.  
Powers ! it was Our Call alone,  
Rich now our Pride makes us ashamed to own.  
Britannia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,  
Court the dreadful Casualties of War :  
Where Requital never can be made,  
Acknowledgment's a Tribute seldom paid.  
He dwelt in Bright Maria's Circling Arms,  
Fended by the Magick of her Charms,  
In Foreign Fears, and from Domestick Harms.  
None found no Fuel for her Fire,  
Had what God cou'd give, or Man desire.  
Pi v rous'd him from his soft Repose,  
Life to unseen Hazards to expo'e :  
Him mov'd him in our Cause 't appear'd ;

## PART II.

Pity ! that Word which now we hate to bear.  
But English Gratitude is always such,  
To hate the Hand which does oblige too much.

Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent,  
And hardly gain'd his unforeseen Assent :  
His boding Thoughts foretold him he should find  
The People Fickle, Selfish, and Unkind.  
Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear  
More dreadful than the Dangers of the War :  
For nothing grates a Generous Mind so soon,  
As base Returns for hearty Service done.

Satyr be silent, awfully prepare  
Britannia's Song, and William's Praise to hear  
Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse  
Her Grateful Vows in her Immortal Verse,  
Loud Fame's Eternal Trumpet let her sound ;  
Listen ye distant Poles, and endless Round.  
May the strong Blast the welcome News convey  
As far as Sound can reach, or Spirit fly.  
To Neighb'ring Worlds, if such there be, relat  
Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate.  
To distant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearse :  
For Spirits without the helps of Voice converse.  
May Angels hear the gladsome News on high,  
Mixt with their everlasting Symphony.  
And Hell it self stand in suspense to know  
Whether it be the Fatal Blast, or no.

## B R I T A N N I A .

The Fame of Virtue, tis for which I sound,  
And Hero's with Immortal Triumphs crown'd.  
Fame built on solid Virtue swifter flies,  
Than Morning Light can spread my Eastern Skies.  
The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,  
And loud repeating Thunders force it round :  
Echoes return from Caverns of the Deep :  
Old Chaos dreams on't in Eternal Sleep.  
Time hands it forward to its latest Urn,  
From whence it never, never shall return,  
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long ;  
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and spoke by ev'ry Tongue.

My Hero, with the Sails of Honour furld,  
Rides like the Great Genius of the World.  
By Fate and Fame wisely prepar'd to be  
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.  
He spreads the Wings of Virtue on the Throne,  
And ev'ry Wind of Glory fans them on.  
Immortal Trophies dwell upon his Brow,  
Fresh as the Garlands he has worn but now.

By different Steps the high Ascent he gains,  
And differently that high Ascent maintains.  
Princes for Pride and Lust of Rule make War,  
And struggle for the Name of Conqueror.  
Some fight for Name, and some by Victory.  
He Fights to Save, and Conquers to set Free.

Then seek no Phraise his Titles to conceal,  
And hide with Words what Actions must reveal.  
No Parallel from Hebrew Stories take,  
Of God-like Kings thy Similios to make :  
No borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam ;  
But Names and Things directly I proclaim.  
'Tis honest Merit does his Glory raise ;  
Whom that exalts, let no man fear to praise.  
Of such a Subject no man need be shy ;  
Virtue's above the Reach of Flattery.  
He needs no Character but his own Name,

Nor any flattering Titles, but his Name.  
*William's the Name that's spoke by ev'ry Tongue :*  
*William's the Darling Subject of my Song.*  
 Listen ye Virgins to the Charming Sound,  
 And in Eternal Dances hand it round :  
 Our early Offerings to this Altar bring ;  
 Make him at once a Lover and a King.  
 May he submit to none but to your Arms,  
 Nor ever be subdued, but by your Charms.  
 May your soft Thoughts for him be all sublime,  
 And ev'ry tender Vow be made for him.  
 May he be first in ev'ry Morning Thought,  
 And Heav'n ne'er hear a Pray'r where he's left out.  
 May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream,  
 Be Fortunate by mentioning his Name.  
 May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,  
 And guard you from the Terrors of the Night.  
 May ev'ry cheerful Glass as it goes down  
 To *William's* Health, be Cordials to your own.  
 Let ev'ry Song be Chorust with his Name.  
 And Mulick pay her Tribute to his Fame.  
 Let ev'ry Poet tune his Artful Verse,  
 And in Immortal Strains his Deeds rehearse.  
 And may *Apollo* never more inspire  
 The Disobedient Bard with his Seraphick Fire.  
 May all my Sons their grateful Homage pay ;  
 His Praises sing, and for his Safety pray.

*Satyr return to our Unthankful Isle,*  
*Secur'd by Heav'n's Regard, and William's Toil.*  
*To both Ungrateful, and to both Untrue,*  
*Rebels to God, and to Good Nature too.*  
 If e'er this Nation be distress'd again,  
 To whom so'er they cry, they'll cry in vain.  
*To Heav'n thy can cannot have the face to look :*  
 Or if they should, it would but Heav'n provoke.  
*To hope for help from Man would be too much,*  
 Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch :  
*How they came bere our Freedoms to maintain,*  
 Were Paid, and Curs'd, and Hurry'd home again.  
 How by their Aid we firt dissolv'd our Fears,  
 And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners.  
 'Tis not our English Temper to do better ;  
 For Englishmen think ev'ry man their Debtor.

'Tis worth observing, that we ne're complain'd  
 Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth they gain'd,  
 Till all their Services were at an end.  
 Wise men affirm it is English way,  
 Never to Grumble till they come to Pay ;  
 And then they always think their Temper's such,  
 The Work too little, and the Pay too much.  
 As frighted Patients, when then they want a Cure  
 Bid any Price, and any Pain endure :  
 But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,  
 The Cure's too Ealy, and the Price too Dear.  
 Great Portland ne're was banter'd, when he strove  
 For Us his Master's kindest Thoughts to move.  
 We ne're lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd  
 King James's Secret Council to divide :  
 Then we careles'd him as the only Man,  
 Which could the Doubtful Oracle explain :  
 The only *Hushai* able to repell  
 The Dark Designs of our *Achitopel*,  
 Compar'd his Master's Courage to his Sense ;  
 The Ablest Statesman, and the Bravest Prince.  
 On his Wife Conduct we degended much,  
 And like him ne'er the worse for being Dutch.

## PART II.

Nor was he valued more than he deserve'd ;  
 Freely he ventur'd, faithfully he serv'd,  
 In all King *William's* Dangers he has shar'd ;  
 In England's Quarrels always he appear'd :  
 The Revolution firt, and then the *Boyne* ;  
 In Both his Councls and his Conduct thine,  
 His Martial Valour Flanders will confels :  
 And *France* Regrets his Managing the Peace,  
 Faithful *England's* Interest and her King :  
*The greatest Reason of our Murmuring.*  
 Ten Years in English Service he appear'd,  
 And gain'd his Master's and the World's Regard  
 But 'tis not *England's* Custom to Reward.  
 The Wars are over, *England* needs him not :  
 Now he's a *Dutchman*, and the *Lord* knows wh—  
*Sconbergh*, the Ablest Soldier of his Age,  
 With Great *Nassau* did in our Cause engage :  
 Both join'd for *England's* Rescue and Defence,  
 The Greatest Captain, and the Greatest Prince.  
 With what applaue his Stories did we tell ?  
 Stories which Europe's Volumes largely swell.  
 We counted him an Army in our Aid :  
 Where he commanded, no man was afraid.  
 His Actions with a constant Conquest thine,  
 From *Villa-Vitiosa* to the *Rhine*.  
*France, Flanders, Germany*, his Fame confels :  
 And all the World was fond of him, but Us.  
 Our turn firt serv'd, we grudg'd him the command  
 Witnes the Grateful Temper of the Land.

We blame the K—that he relies too much  
 On Strangers, Germans, Hugonots, and Dutch  
 And seldom does his great Affairs of State,  
 To English Counsellors communicate.  
 The Fact might very well be answer'd thus,  
 He has so often been betray'd by us,  
 He must have been a Madman to rely  
 On English G—ns Fidelity.  
 For laying other Arguments aside,  
 This Thought might mortify our English Pride,  
 That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,  
 And none but Englishmen have e'er betray'd him.  
 They have our Ships & Merchants bought & sold  
 And barter'd English Blood for Foreign Gold.  
 First to the French they sold our *Turky-Fleet*,  
 And Injur'd *Tarlmash* next at *Carmaret*.  
 The King himself is shelter'd from their Snare,  
 Not by his Merit, but the Crown he wears.  
 Experience tells us 'tis the English way  
 Their Benefactors always to betray.

And lest Examples should be too remote,  
 A Modern Magistrate of Famous Note,  
 Shall give you his own History by wrote.  
 I'll make it out, deny it he that can,  
 His Worship is a True-born Englishman,  
 In all the Latitude that Empty Word  
 By Modern Acception's understand.  
 The Parish-Books his Great Descent record,  
 And now he hopes e'er long to be a Lord.  
 And truly as things go, it wou'd be pity  
 But such as he bore Office in the City :  
 While Robb'ry for Burnt-Offering he brings,  
 And gives to God what he has stole from King  
 Great Monuments of Charity he raiiles,  
 And good St. *Magnus* whilstes out his Praises.  
 To City-Gaols he grants a Jubilee,  
 And hires *Huzza's* from his own Mobile.

## The True-Born Englishman.

Lately he wore the Golden Chain and Gown,  
With which Equipt he thus harangu'd the Town.

### Sir C.—'s D.—'s Fine Speech, &c.

With Clouted Iron Shoes & Sheepskin Breeches,  
More Rags than Manners, and more Dirt  
(than Riches :  
From driving Cows and Calves to Layton-Market,  
While of my Greatness there appear'd no Spark  
(yet,

Hold I come, to let you see the Bride  
With which Exalted Beggars always ride.  
Born to the Needful Labours of the Plow,  
The Cart-whip grace't me as the Chain do's now.  
Nature and Fate in doubt what course to take,  
Whether I shou'd a Lord or Plough-Boy make ;  
Finally at last resolv'd they wou'd promote me,  
And first a Knav'e, and then a Knight they vote me.  
That Fate appointed, Nature did prepare,  
And furnish'd me with an exceeding Care,  
To fit me for what they design'd to have me,  
And ev'ry Gift but Honesty they gave me.  
And thus Equipt, to this Proud Town I came,  
Quest of Bread, and not in quest of Fame,  
And to my future Fate, an humble Boy,  
Free from the Guilt and Glory I enjoy.  
The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,  
Were in the Name of Foot-Boy all contain'd.  
The Greatest Heights from Small Beginnings rise,  
The Gods were great on Earth, before they reach'd  
(the Skies.

3—well, the Generous Temper of whose Mind,  
Is always to be bountiful inclin'd,  
Neither by his ill Fate or Fancy led,  
It took me up, and furdish'd me with Bread.  
The little Services he put me to,  
M'd Labours rather than were truly so,  
Always my Advancement he design'd,  
'twas his very Nature to be kind,  
He was his Soul, his Temper ever Free,  
Belt of Matters and of Men to me.  
I who was before decreed by Fate  
To be made Infamous as well as Great,  
In an obsequious Diligence obey'd him,  
Trusted with his All, and then betray'd him.  
All his past Kindnesses I trampled on,  
W'd his Fortunes to erect my own.  
Vipers in the Bosom bred, begin  
This at that Hand first which took them in.  
In eager Treach'r I his Fall purſu'd,  
First my Trophies were Ingratitude.  
Ingratitude's the worst of Human Guilt,  
Baisett Action Mankind can commit :  
Such like the Sin against the Holy Ghost,  
Least the Honour, and of Guilt the most.  
Inguilh'd from all other Crimes by this,  
Tis a Crime which no man will confess.

## PART II.

That Sin alone, which shou'd not be forgiv'n  
On Earth, altho perhaps it may in Heav'n.

Thus my first Benefactor I o'rethrew,  
And how shou'd I be to a second true ?  
The Publik Trust came next into my Care,  
And I to use them scurvily prepare :  
My Needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon,  
And Lent him a Thousand of his own :  
For which, great In'rets I took care to charge,  
And so my ill-got Wealth became so large.

My Predecessor Judas was a Fool,  
Fitter to ha' been whipt, and sent to School,  
Than Sell a Saviour : Had I been at band,  
His Master had not been so cheap Prepar'd.  
I wou'd ha' made the eager Jews too found,  
For Thirty Pieces, Thirty thousand Pound.

My Cousin Ziba, of Immortal Fame,  
(Ziba and I shall never want a Name :)  
First-born of Treason, nobly did advance  
His Master's Fall, for his Inheritance.  
By whose keen Arts old David first began  
To break his Sacred Oath to Jonathan :  
The Good Old King, 'tis thought, was very loth  
To break his Word, and therefore broke his Oath.  
Ziba's a Traitor of some Quality,  
Yet Ziba might ha' been inform'd by me :  
Had I been there, he ne'er had been content  
With half th' Estate, nor half the Government.

In our late Revolution 'twas thought strange,  
That I of all mankind should like the Change :  
But they who wonder'd at it, never knew,  
That in it I did my Old Game pursue :  
Nor had they heard of Twenty thousand Pound,  
Which ne'er was lost, yet never cou'd be found.

Thus all things in their turn to Sale I bring,  
God and my Master first, and then the King :  
Till by succellous Villanies made bold,  
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold :  
And so to Forg-y my Hand I beat,  
Not doubting I could gull the Government :  
But there was ruffld by the Parliament,  
And if I scap'd th' Unhappy Tree to climb,  
'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime.

But my \* Old Friend, who print'd in my Face  
A needful Competence of English Brass, The De-  
Having more busness yet for me to do, (vil.  
And loth to lose his Trusty Servant so,  
Manag'd the matter with such Art and Skill,  
As sou'd his Hero, and threw out the R-.

And now I'm grac'd with unexpected Honours,  
For which I'll certainly abuse the Donors :  
Knighted, and made a Tribune of the People,  
Whose Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well :  
The Custos Rotulorum of the City,  
And Captain of the Guards of their Banditti.  
Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare  
Against the Needy Debtor open War.

I hang poor Thieves for stealing of your Pelf.  
And suffer none to rob you but my self.

The King commanded me to help Reform ye,  
And how I'll do't, Miss—shall inform ye,  
I keep the best Seraglio in the Nation,

And

### The True-Born Englishman.

and hope in time to bring it into Fashion.  
No Brimstone-Whore need fear the Lash from me,  
What part I'll leave to Brother Jeffery.  
Our Gallants need not go abroad to Rome,  
I'll keep a Whoring Jubilee at home.  
Whoring's a Darling of my Inclination ;  
*Is n't I a Magistrate for Reformation ?*  
For this my Praise is sung by ev'ry Bard,  
For which Bridewell wou'd be a just Reward.  
In Print my Panegyricks fill the Street,  
And hit'd Gaol-birds their Huzza's repeat.  
Some Charities contriv'd to make a show.  
I have taught the Needy Rabble to do so :  
Whose empty Noise is a Mechannick Fame,  
Since for Sir Belzebub they'd do the same.

### The Conclusion.

Then let us boast of Ancestors no more,  
Or Deeds of Heroes done in days of Yore,  
In latent Records of the Ages past,  
Behind the Rear of Time, in long Oblivion plac'd.  
For if our Virtues must in Lines descend,  
The Merit with the Families would end :  
And Intermixtures would most fatal grow ;  
For Vice would be Hereditary too ;  
The Tainted Blood wou'd of necessity,  
In voluntary Wickedness convey.  
Vice, like Ill Nature for an Age or two,  
May seem a Generation to pursue ;  
But Virtue seldom does regard the Breed ,  
Fools do the Wise, and Wise Men Fools succeed.  
What is't to us, what Ancestors we had ?  
If Good, what better ? or what worse, if Bad ?  
Examples are for Imitation set,  
Yet all Men follow Virtue with Regret,  
Cou'd but our Ancestors retrieve their Fate,  
And see their Offspring thus degenerate ;  
How we contend for Birth and Names unknown,  
And build on their past Actions, not our own ;  
They'd cancel Records, and their Tombs deface,  
And openly disown the vile degenerate Race :  
For Fame of Families is all a Cheat,  
*'Tis Personal Virtue only makes us great.*

F I N I S.



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